

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

PLAIN JANE

By ROSE MEREDITH

JANE Dare is the plain one of the family, people usually remarked when the question of beauty arose. Celia is lovely, Abigail is fascinating, Emma is a little witch—but poor Jane with her brilliant hair and dull eyes is hopelessly plain!

Jane knew it, and resented it, but kept her hurt feelings hidden to her own bosom. If no one cared enough about her to unlock the plain portals of her heart and soul—so be it! She was the middle one of the family of four motherless girls, and she was the homeliest of the homeliest. The others had careers, Jane could be spared for a career.

Celia had a voice—Celia was musical—she had worshippers by the dozen. Abigail was a high school teacher, and Emma was a trained nurse.

"Jane is a wonderful cook—a perfect housekeeper!" Celia would brag.

"Wonderful!" Abigail would echo.

"Perfect!" chimed Emma. Jane was happy most of the time, but she did long to do things—great things—meet interesting people; sometimes she thought wistfully she might have been a writer, if she had had a chance of development. However, she did sell some recipes and carefully prepared articles on home-making to some of the women's magazines, and her prestige rose in the family.

One winter Celia became engaged to the minister. Shortly after that Abigail attracted the attention of Prof. Rodney of a nearby college and Emma might have married any one of her patients any day!

"Jane would make some man a splendid wife and housekeeper! Jane is wonderful!" Celia would brag.

"Wonderful!" Abigail and her professor would echo.

"Perfect!" Emma would add, thus placing her laurel wreath on Jane's head half-jokingly.

"Rubbish!" Jane would groan dismally.

Today Jane was in a state of inward revolt. Celia had telephoned that she would bring the minister home to dinner; Abigail had said word, that the professor would be there and would Jane please have a prune whip for dessert, and last of all, Emma called up to say that she was bringing someone with her.

"Have the best dinner in the world, darling," she had cooed. "You know how!"

Jane looked stormy. She wondered what her father would have said if he had been alive—he would have told her to be patient; it would come out all right in the end.

"I will cook the dinner," decided Jane, "and it will be a good dinner—then Rebecca can come down and serve it—I will run away. I can't stand the monotony any longer. All the afternoon she labored over the preparation of the dinner and the arrangement of the table. When everything was ready, only needing Rebecca's skilled hand in serving the meal, Jane bathed and dressed herself in a green linen, took a small, heavily-laden basket and the latest book and left the house. She followed a narrow path through the orchard where apple blossoms fell like snow about her; where robins were thrashing with the evening song down the little wood road that led to the edge of the sandy bluff overlooking the sound. The wind was cool and brought odors of apple blossoms and the salt savor of the sea.

"I feel wicked, but I am quite contented," said Jane as she sat down on the edge of the overhanging cliff, with her possessions in her lap. She closed her eyes a moment, but they popped open at once, for she was in motion. The turf had broken under her weight and she was gently, steadily sliding down the sand-faced cliff. Many a time had she done it as a child, squealing with delight to

land among the sand dunes on the shore. "O-mercy!" she gasped, as she gained speed, in a flurry of flying sand, clutching her basket, book and sweater to her breast, she tobogganed down the slope and ran plunging into the sea. She was sitting on the sands staring at the far horizon.

"Gracious child—what do you mean, little girl?" He picked Jane up and shook her a little. "That's a dangerous thing to do. Once when I was a child, I was sliding down that bank and it dislodged a great boulder. The thing came down and crushed one of my little playmates—broke her arm."

"Dan Barton—oh, Dannie, do you remember that, and how you waited on me back and foot until I was well again?" Jane was brilliantly alive now, her clear, pale skin was flushed like a sea shell; her loosened hair framed the exquisite oval of her face, and her green eyes were the color of her jade-green dress.

"Jane Dare! You have grown into a—" He paused breathlessly, as if searching her face for traces of the little playmate. "Has any one ever told you—? Again he stopped, and Jane smiled at him deeper, wondering why she spoke and what when every one knew that she was just plain Jane Dare.

"Sit down and tell me all the news," he urged, and Jane did so, hardly able to meet his intense gaze. No man had ever looked at her in that way before, but she had seen the minister look at Celia, and Abigail's professor. Suddenly she felt sorry for them all. "I must go home and serve dinner," she exclaimed penitently; and she turned the whole story while they enjoyed the lunch she had brought in the basket. Dan told her how he had planned to spend the summer with his mother in the old house, and how he would commute to and from the city.

"I shall see you often, Jane Dare," he told her as they went slowly through the old woodland path that wound up to the cliff, and the wood road and the orchard where the blossoms dropped like a bridal veil on "plain Jane's" ruddy hair. They turned into his dining room, blissfully happy and all unaware that they were so. Everybody stared at Jane with the sparkling green eyes, the bright hair, the rose tinted cheeks. And they saw their old friend, Danny Barton, whose coming had brought about this transformation.

"Never say 'plain Jane' again!" muttered the minister to his betrothed, and no one ever did!

SISTER MARY'S
KITCHEN

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When you're at a loss for some new dessert some day, why not try rhubarb meringue pie? Here is a tested recipe that will give you a toothsome delicacy.

Pour boiling water over rhubarb and let stand five minutes.

FOR THIS RECIPE
YOU NEED

TWO AND ONE-HALF CUPS
FINELY CUT RHUBARB
THREE TABLESPOONS
WATER
ONE TEASPOON BUTTER
ONE TABLESPOON FLOUR
ONE PINCH OF SALT
ONE CUP SUGAR
ONE EGG

Drain. Add sugar and flour to rhubarb and mix well.

Beat yolk of egg with water till thick and lemon-colored. Add to first mixture with butter.

Turn into a pie-pan lined with unbaked crust and bake in a moderate oven. It will take 30 to 40 minutes to bake the crust and make the rhubarb tender.

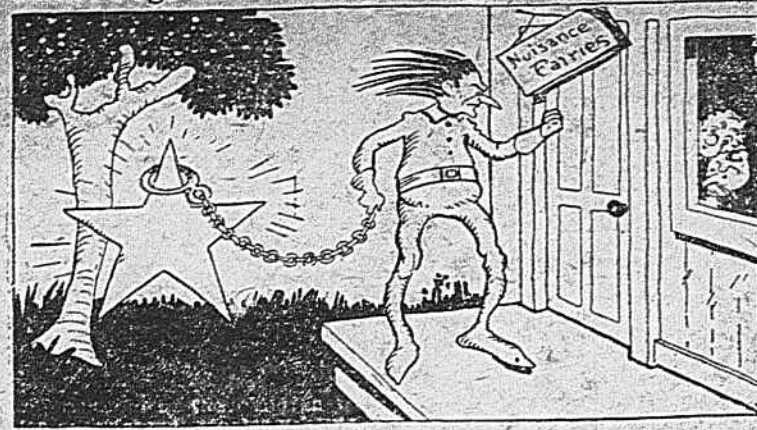
When crust is baked, remove from oven and cover with meringue made of the white of the egg beaten till stiff and dry with two tablespoons sugar.

Brown in quick oven. When beating the egg white add one tablespoon of cold water. This increases the amount of beaten white and makes a more tender meringue.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

Comet-Legs Enlists Help in Fight Against Twins



He knocked on the door.

Comet-Legs, enemy of Mr. Peer-about, the Man in the Moon was always up to mischief. And no matter what the twins did they never seemed able to catch him.

"I don't suppose Comet-Legs was really wicked. He was jealous of the Moon-Man, that was all and besides he thought he could manage things much better."

Mr. Peer-about was trying to please folks all he could, but Mr. Bussybody Comet-Legs wasn't satisfied.

Come-Legs could get around places too, much better than the Moon-Man. He would straddle his shooting-star, take a good look at how folks are and off he'd go. The night after he meddled with the handles the Moon-Man ran the moon with Comet-Legs went to the Weatherman's Star nearby.

He swaggered over to the house the Nuisance Fairies lived in for rather where the Weatherman had them locked in and knocked on the door.

"The key's outside," answered a

even voice. "It's hanging on a nail."

Comet-Legs reached up and got it and turned the lock.

Such a hullabaloo as there was then! All the Nuisance Fairies crowded around, and saying how they'd do, and how was he away. There was Jack Frost and Howl, Thunder and Jimmy Lightning, and Sizzly Dry Weather and Old Man Flood and a lot of others.

"Say, boys," said Comet-Legs, "I need your help. Old Mr. Peer-about has sent a couple of children after me! They've got a shaker with magic powder and if it touches my legs they'll get straight as pokers and then I'm done for, because I can't ride my star."

"We'll help," they all cried. "Who are the children?"

"Nancy and Nick," said Comet-Legs.

(To Be Continued.)

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BARRACKVILLE

Good Program.

The Children's Day program given last Sunday evening by the primary and intermediate departments of the Baptist Sunday School attracted a capacity house. There were readings, songs, drills, and other interesting features, including several numbers given by members of the regular choir.

Iowa Wedding.

Friends of the contracting parties have recently received the following announcements: Mrs. Ellen Locke announces the marriage of her daughter, Emma Amelia, to Lynn Coleman Burdick, Tuesday, June 5, 1922, at Marion, Iowa, at home after June 20 at West Liberty, Iowa. The groom is a son of Mrs. May Burdick, and a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Straight, who formerly resided here but moved to Iowa several years ago. Mr. Burdick visited here frequently when a boy.

Baraca Class Entertained.

The members of the Baraca Sunday School Class of the Bethesda Baptist Church were pleasantly entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Talkington of Main street on Monday evening. There were the usual diversions, and the hours were from 8 till 10. Refreshments of choice quality were served the guests who included Messrs. Romeous Lawler, Romeo Lawler, Clarence Beall, Earl Miller, Ralph Talkington, Harold Steele, Howard Hays, Harry Lee, Joseph Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Beall, the former of whom is teacher of the Baraca class.

Becomes Minister.

The Rev. D. J. Floyd, who resides near here, has been at conference at Gassaway the past week, and has become a member of the general conference. He has taken work for the coming year in Lewis County and will move his family there in a short time.

Property Deals.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Dent Brand have sold their property in Pike street to Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Barrackman. Mr. Barrackman, who formerly owned a handsome residence here, sold his property to Late Snider of Fairmont. Both parties will move when a boy.

AKRON CITIZEN
GAINS 15 POUNDS
TAKING TANLAC

"I Don't Feel Like I Ever Had a Sick Day in My Life," Declares Inspector Miller.

"Besides restoring my health, Tanlac actually built me up fifteen pounds in weight, and I now weigh more than I ever did in my life," said Earl F. Miller, 144 Murr Ave. Akron, Ohio head inspector for the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

"I had a severe case of influenza, suffered a set back and was left in mighty bad shape. My appetite was so poor I could hardly bear the sight of food, and I could scarcely digest a thing that I managed to eat. I had terrible pains in my chest, and, in fact, just ached all over. I was so run down, I was very easy to take cold, just couldn't get my weight or strength back, and had to lose at least two days a week from work."

"However, Tanlac has relieved me of all my troubles. I have been built up fifteen pounds in weight and I don't feel like I ever had a sick day in my life. I think Tanlac is the greatest medicine ever made."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.

(To Be Continued.)

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Robinson the last of the week. The ladies are planning for a dollar social which will be held some time next month. Each member has been asked to earn a dollar and be prepared to tell in rhyme if possible how her dollar was earned on the evening of the social. The money will be used to complete the last payment on the piano which has lately been installed in the social rooms of the church.

Prayer Service.

The prayer service on Thursday evening will be in charge of the Senior Baraca Class of the Baptist Sunday School. The class is planning to have an interesting service.

Children's Day Service Postponed. The Children's Day service, which was to be held next Sunday evening in the M. E. Church has been postponed until the fourth Sunday of this month.

Oakland Wedding. The marriage of Miss Martha Greathouse, whose home is near Barrackville, and Louis Michael of Mannington was solemnized at Oakland, Md., last Saturday morning. Following the marriage ceremony, the couple returned to Mannington where they were given a reception and wedding supper at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Michael. The groom is employed as a glass worker at Mannington, where the couple will take up their residence.

Club Picnic.

The members of the 4-H Club of Barrackville are attending a picnic being held this afternoon at Pine Grove. This picnic is being held in honor of the 4-H Keystone Club which won first place in a contest which recently ended. Other clubs in the contest won ranks in the following order: Pine Grove, East Run, Monumental, and Barrackville. A camp fire meeting and picnic supper are among the interesting features of the occasion. Miss Blair, instructor of each of the clubs, is acting as chaperone of the picnicers.

Church Notes.

The following services will be held on next Sunday in the Christian Church: Sunday school at 10 a. m., followed by song service and communion. There will also be Bible study and song service on each Wednesday evening at 7:30.

The M. E. South Church at Monumental will give a Children's Day program next Sunday morning at 10:30. An invitation has been extended to the schools of this place to attend the entertainment.

To Iowa.

C. F. Prickett is leaving tomorrow for Iowa, where he has recently taken a position. Mr. Prickett was principal of the schools here last year. He will return in a few weeks and move his family to Iowa if he can find satisfactory location.

Church of Christ.

The congregation of the Church of Christ will have Bible study and communion service in the chapel room of the school building on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Later a song and communion service will also be held. Bible study and

prayer service will be held each Wednesday evening. Services at the Bethesda Baptist Church will be held as follows: Sunday school at 10 a. m., followed by preaching service, sermon by the regular pastor, the Rev. T. B. Lawler; B. Y. P. U. service at 7:30 p. m.

Philatheas to Meet.

The Philatheas Class of the Baptist Sunday School will meet at the social rooms of the church at 7:30 this evening. Mrs. Rose Drago and Mrs. Russell Neptune will be the hostesses. A short program and a social hour will follow the business meeting.

Personal.

Miss Clara Reynolds of Fairmont was a guest in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ridgway on last Sunday.

The Rev. and Mrs. T. B. Lawler were recent visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Ira Shafer of the Watson Farms.

Mrs. Charles Wilson will attend the Pythian Sisters' convention which will be held at Watson on Thursday of this week.

Miss Mary Cieland of Monumental was a guest of Miss Mary Cramer yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hikus of Fairmont were entertained as Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Larry Tennant.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Downs and son of Straight's Run were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lee in Pike street.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Watson and son Claude have gone to Bridgeport to remain for some time, the former having taken the contract for the erection of a large dwelling house.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Michael of Arnettville spent the weekend with the latter's brothers, Russell and Ray Wilson.

Mrs. Mary Snoderly of Fairmont was the guest of E. C. Wilson the last of the week.

Thomas Hall of Fairmont spent Sunday at his summer home here. Mr. Hall has been in poor health for some time, and this was his first visit in several weeks.

Miss Grace Robinson left today for Mannington where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Cora Boggess.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, the Misses Margaret and Cella Lee formed a party who motored to Bridgeport on last Sunday where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson.

J. F. Campbell of Farmington was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Cramer the first of the week.

Mrs. A. C. Barnett and daughter Betty Straight, who have been vis-

iting the former's parents Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Straight have returned to their home at Parkersburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Duke Brand are spending a few days visiting friends and looking after business interests in Cameron.

Miss Madeline Thomas of Mannington was calling on Barrackville friends Monday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Guy Watson and two children of Bridgeport were week-end visitors at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Watson, in Saxman street.

Eddy Lee has gone to Bridgeport, where he has recently accepted a position.

Mrs. H. L. Clelland of Benton's Ferry was the guest of her niece, Mrs. Leta Sturm, over Sunday.

Mrs. N. J. Brand was the guest of relatives at Cameron last Sunday.

Mrs. W. H. Wisman and daughter were guests of relatives at Fairmont on Monday of this week.

TRIUMVIRATE PLANNED

BERLIN, June 14.—(By The Associated Press.)—The independent Socialist Freiheit declares today that a triumvirate will take the place of Premier Lenin of Soviet Russia during a six months absence from Moscow which his health will oblige him to take. The three men who will hold the reins, according to this newspaper are J. V. Stalin, Leo Kamenef and A. I. Rykoff.

DEAN TO BE NAMED FOR
COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE

MORGANTOWN, June 14.—Selection of a dean for the West Virginia University college of agriculture will be one of the items to come up for consideration at a meeting of the State Board of Education in Charleston, June 28. It was announced here today. This position has been vacant since September 1921, when Dr. J. L. Coulter resigned and several efforts to elect a successor have been made. Dr. N. J. Giddings, senior member of the faculty, has been acting as dean.

EVERY BIT OF DULLNESS disappears with a Golden Gilt Shampoo.—Adv.



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In The West Virginian, Starting Monday, June 19

DON'T MISS THE FIRST INSTALLMENT!

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



Shopping at the Corner Drug Store

BY ALLMAN



OUR FIRST YEAR

By A BRIDE

"But Jack, you know I can act!" Now that I had mentioned my bright idea about earning my own living, I bubbled over with assurance.

"Don't you remember the offer I had after 'Skool'?"

"You—you want to go on the stage—my wife—on the stage—for a salary?" Jack stammered. His expression was blank—as vague as his voice. His face betrayed neither approval nor appreciation, just bewilderment.

"I could—that's all I'm saying," I continued. "They put 'Skool' to one act for vaudeville. And offered me \$100 a week. Of course, I'd hate it, Jack, the separation. But since I'm responsible for our predicament—"

Jack interrupted me with a tragic sentence.

"You're not responsible. It's I! I'm not good!" he groaned. "You must think me selfish to marry you—and not take care of you, as you want to be, ought to be. You must think me a failure."

His speech was like blow upon blow. Jack didn't mean to hurt me. He was explaining himself, not accusing me. I was thankful that I knew how to contrive him; other wise we might have parted right there. I went to him, drew his head upon my breast, kissed him, but I couldn't stop his words:

"You've tested me, Peggins! You've shown me what a husband ought to do for a wife! And I haven't been able to keep the pace!"

"At any other time, you would have," I insisted. "It's the times—the business slump—"

"No Peggins! It's I!" "Or I!" I murmured. "But Jack, honestly, I've only been doing what all the girls do. Why, darling! We haven't half as much as most of our friends—"

A small accident ended our discussion.

Jack's distressing reaction to my suggestion that I go on the stage had made me fully nervous. While we argued, I twisted my pearl necklace. The string snapped suddenly and the drops of congealed moonlight dribbled through my fingers and rolled to the walls.

We went down on our knees to find them and met at a corner of the rug. Jack wiped my eyes, kissed me, comforted me. We sat like two children on the floor.

We had not been such understanding friends for days. Finally Jack raised me to the davenport and we counted the beads.

"Take them to Barnick's," Jack suggested. "And have the string properly this time. Two are missing as I count them. That makes a half dozen you've lost, altogether."

"The string is getting too short," I said. "But I don't remember I paid only \$25 for them? I'll have Barnick match them. If we can afford it!"

Jack pulled a few bills out of his pocket and less than one dollar in silver.

"There's our pile—until next payday," he laughed. "But I guess we can manage a few frosted beads without breaking us."

(To Be Continued.)

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